

# 50 Ways for Girls to Earn a Living

By RHETA CHILDE DORR.

This series gives complete information as to positions open to girls, the requirements, duties, pay, etc. Also how to get the positions.

## No. 12—Dressmaking.



UNQUESTIONABLY the best sewing trade a girl can enter is high-class dressmaking. The trade has its dull seasons, but a good worker is reasonably certain of a steady work most of the year. In the busiest seasons she works very hard, often without extra pay for the overtime, which is, of course, unjust and oppressive. If working girls would refuse to enter into such conditions things would soon change. One way of entering the trade is to leave school at fourteen and get a job as errand girl in a dressmaking establishment. The errand girl, if she is bright, is advanced after a time to simple tasks like pulling basting threads. After a length of time she picks up some other part of the work. Very rarely does she learn more than one or two tasks, and generally remains among the lowest paid women in the shop.

Far better is it for a girl to remain at least a year in high school, and with a maturer knowledge of what she is doing enter a class in dressmaking. There are many such in New York, some of the best being part of the courses in Pratt Institute, Ryerson street and De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn; the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, No. 20 East Twenty-third street; the Hebrew Tech-

nical School for Girls, Stuyvesant Square, and the Washington Irving High School, No. 24 East Twelfth street. The Young Women's Christian Association, No. 7 East Fifteenth street, is only one of a number of philanthropic institutions that maintain classes in dressmaking.

A year's study ought to fit a girl to become a dressmaker's assistant, but a two years' course is greatly to be preferred. Dressmaking, being almost entirely a hand-sewing trade, requires skilled needlewomen. It is obvious that the girl who can do a dozen different tasks, both hand and machine, who can embroider, make buttons, trim waists and skirts and who has some idea of design, is much more valuable in a shop than the girl who can do only one kind of work.

For example, only a very large shop would keep a girl busy embroidering, but every shop has at times embroidery work to be done. If a girl at the sleeve table, or a girl engaged in finishing, can be called upon to do the finer work, her employer will pay her the best possible rate of wages to keep her in the place. Again, there may be only one waist-trimmer in a shop. If she is ill or leaves for any cause the trained worker falls heir to the position. The trained dressmaker is bound to advance at least twice as fast as the worker who has to learn each step as she progresses.

The first work done in a shop is preparing and basting the linings and doing like work before the gown is fitted. A good hand is paid \$5 a week. The girl who drapes the material on the waist lining is the highest paid worker in the shop. She receives from \$15 to \$18 a week, and if very expert, often commands \$25 a week. Her assistants are paid \$5 to \$10. The head skirt hand averages \$15 and her helpers \$8 or \$9. Expert hands on fine needlework, embroidery, embroidered buttons and the like are paid from \$13 to \$15 a week.

# Can You Beat That, Sadie? ☆☆☆ By R. W. Taylor



REMEMBER when you was a kid? In spring what funny stunts they did! I had sulphur and molasses hid All through my system, Sadie!



Gee whiz! and I remember how I used to run from our old cow! Guess she'd run if she saw me now! Can you beat that, Sadie?



I was a foolish little goose— My! I felt proud when me would use Stove polish on my Sunday shoes! Can you beat that, Sadie?



Say! my folks never thought, them days, I'd ever grow up with the craze To star in George Cohan's play! Can you beat that, Sadie?

# An Auto Story with Speed to It Champion

By John Collin Dane.

(Copyright 1907 by O. W. Dillingham Company.)

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.** Hugh Cameron, disinherited son of a Boston nobleman, invents and builds a new sort of motor car to compete in the great Vanderbilt Cup race. He is named the champion of the car. He is in danger of losing it to a French mechanic, but he wins it. He is in danger of losing it to a French mechanic, but he wins it. He is in danger of losing it to a French mechanic, but he wins it.

## CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

### I Suffer All Things.

Slowly, by cross-roads, they towed me back to the starting point of the race, which by rights I should have won; and as by this time all the cars had come home, been timed and noted, the wretched did not spare me the humiliation of being dragged past the grand stand, showing my battered body to the world which had cheered me with delirium when last I passed that way.

I tried to comfort myself by saying: "At least this is better than being hurried off to some dark hole by Barr-Simons' emissaries and immured forever. Now, Sheila and Lia Murray will see me after all. I may be rescued yet."

### "I May Be Rescued Yet!"

But I could not delude myself into being cheered by such sophistry. It was clear that Barr-Simons' game was deeper than I had guessed, and that he was comfortably certain it was all in his own hands, otherwise he would not have run the risk. Or, if I were wrong in this surmise, it was because I had so battered myself that he dismissed me from his mind as worthless.

Every one stared at me, as I trailed miserably by behind the cart-horse, all with curiosity, some with pity in their glances, but more, I thought, with that kind of morbid satisfaction in the failure of others, which I have learned since then is too often characteristic of human nature. Had I triumphed to the end, my victory would hardly have been a popular one, seeing that I was a rank outsider, and a foreigner, too.

CHAPTER X. The Enemy.

THEY had towed me to the middle of the grand stand, when I saw Sheila Cameron and Cecilia Murray. They were not together, of course, but they were standing up, in the midst of other women who were seated; and the same expression was on both faces—an expression of horror and distress.

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# Betty Vincent's Advice on Courtship and Marriage

## A Birthday Present

Dear Betty: I AM seventeen and am good friends with a young man who for the past ten months has been calling on me. It is proper for me to give this young man a pin for a birthday present. My friends all tell me a pin breaks friendship.

## A Bridal Procession

Dear Betty: WHAT is the customary order of a bridal procession? Who should carry the wedding ring?

## She Wants Amusement

Dear Betty: I AM twenty, and for the past six months have been in love with a young man one year my senior. He always treats me very nicely, but as yet has never asked to take me to places of amusement. I have learned from one of my friends that my love is reciprocated. Do you think he is worthy bothering about, and do you think he cares for me?

to take you to places of amusement. If you really love him I think you will be content to have him call, but if you prefer entertainment you had better accept the attentions of some other man who has more money.

## Ask Him to Call

Dear Betty: I AM twenty, and had a quarrel some time ago with a young man with whom I kept company. I haven't seen him since. I received a letter from him, and in it he hinted that he would like to call again. Do you think it would be forward of me if I asked him to call, as the quarrel was all my fault?

Ask the young man to call. As you admit that the fault of the quarrel is yours, it is your place to take the first step toward a reconciliation.

## Grand Sport, Indeed.

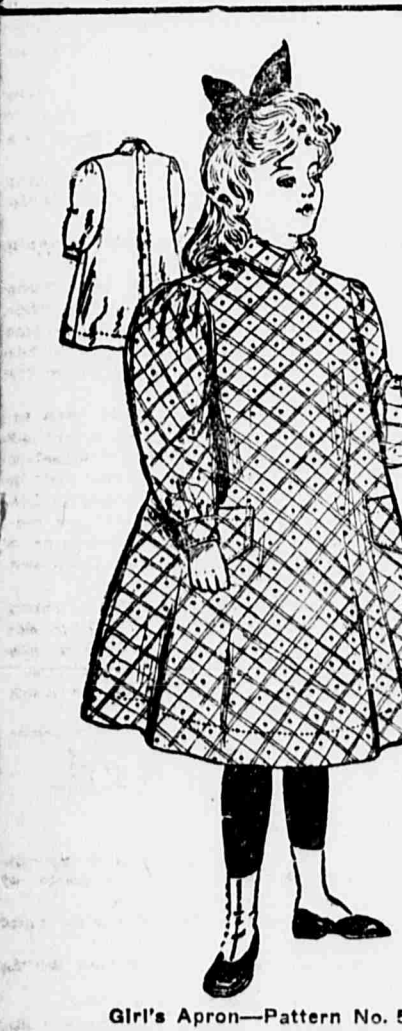
SOME years ago Jude's was a noted concert hall in Dublin, and late in the evening the fun was generally fast and furious. A young Englishman, bent on seeking life, went there one evening, but expected himself disappointed with the slowness of the place to a Hibernian friend he met there.

"Would you really like to see a row?" said Pat.

"Yes," said the Englishman.

Pat filled a tumbler with cold water and threw it across the table into his face, saying, "Now lift the man next to you, and we'll have some grand sport."

# May Manton's Daily Fashions.



SUCH an apron as this one perfectly protects the frock beneath, while in addition it can be worn in place of a dress if need be, so that it serves a very practical purpose and is likely to find a place in every girl's wardrobe. As illustrated it is made from one of the printed wash fabrics, but gingham is admirable for the purpose. Linen is always durable as well as handsome, and if something more elaborate is liked, blue or red linen or chambray with collar and cuffs of white makes a good effect.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (twelve years) is 5 yards 34, 3 1-2 yards 36 or 3 1-2 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern No. 5940

is cut in sizes for girls of eight, ten, twelve and fourteen years of age.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 182 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and all ways specify size wanted.

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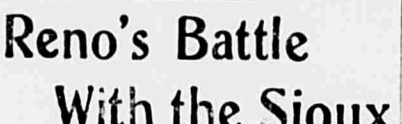
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# Buffalo Bill's New Tales of the Plains

## Story No. 5—New Series.

### Reno's Battle With the Sioux

By "Buffalo Bill."



NOW I am coming to a story that I hate to tell. It is the tale of a terrible, tragic expedition against the Sioux that ended in Custer's last charge.

To-day I will tell you of the expedition itself.

My next story will be of that famous charge and the slaying of Custer. The whole thing is really one story, but I am splitting the telling into two parts.

To go back a little. In the summer of 1874 General Sheridan had sent two expeditions into what was then known as the "Northern Country." One of these (the Seventh Cavalry under General Custer) was to go from Fort Abraham Lincoln to scout to the north of the Black Hills and to come back through those hills to the post. The other consisted of Col. Anson Mills and his command. They were to go from Rawlins, Wyoming, on a scout tour of the Sweetwater country, the Big Horn Basin and Big Horn Mountain district, and to return by way of

Powder River. I was chief scout of Mills' tour. At Powder River the two expeditions met.

This whole region was then an utter wilderness, practically untraveled by white men. The Indians looked on it as their most sacred territory. Even more, for its hot springs, spouting geysers, weirdly colored canyons, smoky, sulphurous pools of medicinal value and all the other weird phenomena that filled the country (now known as the Yellowstone National Park) made the savages believe it the abode of their Manitou, or Great Spirit. It certainly was—and is—a wonderland.

When the two commands met on Powder River I had my last meeting with Custer. Yet I remember him as if it were yesterday. He had located rich gold deposits in the Black Hills and the discovery brought a rush of white fortune hunters there. This wholesale immigration made the Indians furious. In 1875 and 1876 the whole Dakota nation and their allies were buzzing like a nest of hornets over the coming of the white men. Sitting Bull, the greatest of Medicine Men, stirred them up still further, and they went on the war-path.

They picked out their best horses, collected all the long-range repeating rifles and ammunition they could lay hands on and massed for the war. Their rifles, many of them, were far better and of longer range than Uncle Sam's army carbines.

Sheridan learned of Sitting Bull's plans and began to gather all the soldiers he could to the points of attack. Gens. Crook, Terry, Custer and McPherson were all engaged in the work, and the Northwest became one of the busiest parts

of the continent. Terry was to send the Department of Dakota troops under Custer to Fort Abraham Lincoln. But Custer was called to Washington to testify concerning a contract department scandal. He told Congress the truth. This seemed to have brought him into disfavor. For when he returned to the West he found the command of the main expedition had been taken from him and that he was to be in charge of only his own regiment, Terry taking chief command. This was a humiliation to a man of his sensitive spirit. Perhaps it helped to warp his judgment later at a time when wisdom was most needed.

Terry did all he could to soften the blow and to show his trust in the ill-treated general. When the Indian trail was discovered, during the general army movement to round up and crush the savages, he ordered Custer to take his regiment with ten days' rations, ammunition, etc., his private scouts (Charlie Reynolds, Bloody Knife and others) and follow the trail.

Custer did so. On July 23 and 24, 1876, he and his regiment pressed hard after the Indians. Then the trail led to the Rosebud River, where it had previously run, and struck off toward the Little Big Horn River. At this twist in the track Custer halted for rest, planning to march at 7 A. M. over the "divide" that separated the two streams. He thought they must surely come up with the savages by the next day.

One queer thing happened that night. A strong wind blew down the regimental flag that stood before Custer's tent. Instead of falling toward the enemy the flagstake tumbled toward the tent. Soldiers, like sailors, are superstitious against omens.

Into the trap, with shut eyes, gallant Custer stumbled.

an "evil omen." Many predicted that they and Custer were going into their last fight. For once an "omen" came true.

At 3 A. M. the march began again. The regiment kept out of sight as much as possible, in canyons and ravines, and moved silently. By dawn they had crossed the ridge, or divide. Then advance scouts came back to Custer with news that they had seen several Indian lodges. These lodges proved afterward to belong to a little snailbox camp. Custer did not know this. So he arranged for a general advance. He gave Major Reno five companies, ordering him to march straight to the Little Big Horn. Capt. Bentley, with two companies was to bring up the rear with the pack train. Custer himself, with five companies, was to make a seven-mile detour and to strike the Little Big Horn at what he supposed would be the lower end of the Indian village. Reno would strike it from the upper end and they would crush it between them. Custer was to "work" up stream and Reno to continue down stream until he and Custer should meet.

But here are some facts Custer did not know. The Indians he had been following were only a comparatively small party, travelling to join other bands ten times as numerous as themselves, who were encamped at the Little Big Horn. There was a huge army of hostile savages in that big camp. Sitting Bull was their medicine man, the "brains" of the whole movement. Their principal war chiefs were Gall, Crazy Horse, Grass, Rain-in-the-Face and Little-Big-Man. Thanks to Sitting Bull's councils, they were ready to come to the single regiment marching against them.

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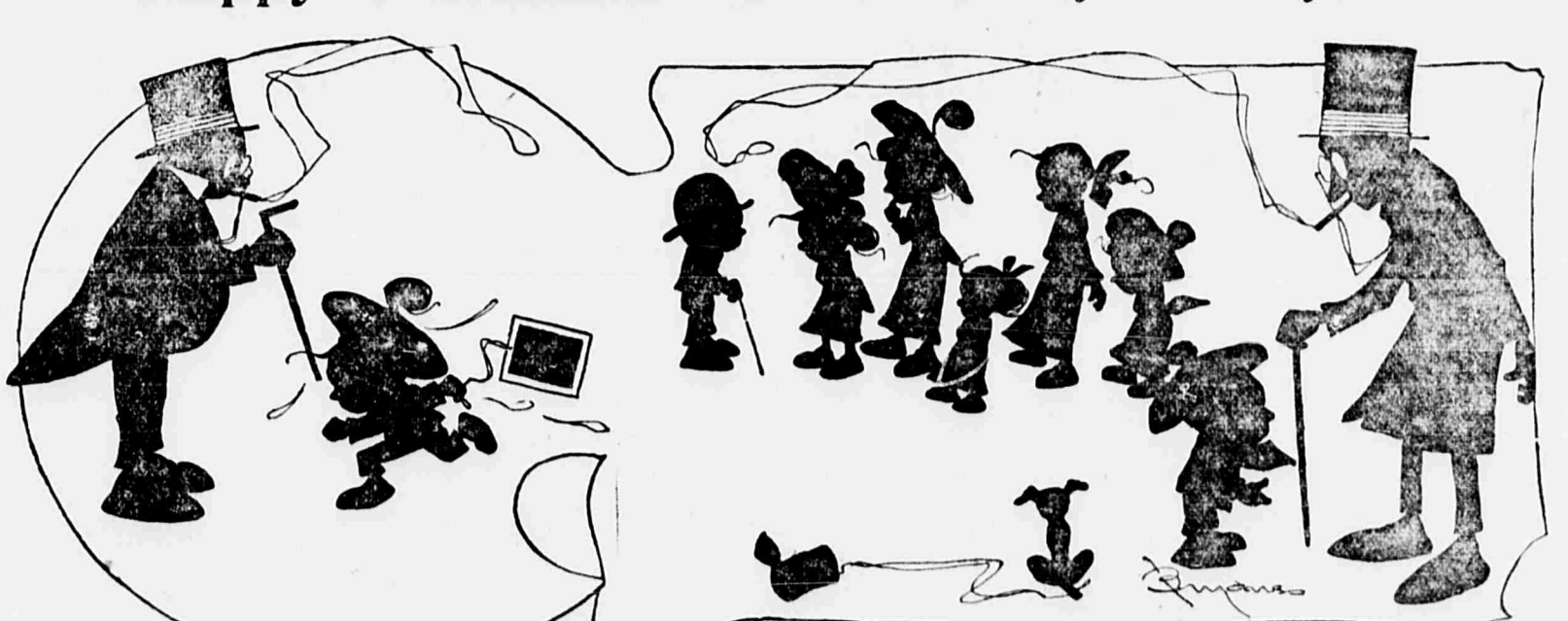
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# Happy Childhood By J. K. Bryans.



"Ah, I love to see a little boy in such a hurry to get to school!"

"Yes, sir. Me little brother's got de measles, an' I'm hurrying up to get exsoused!"

"What makes your friend so popular?"

"Aw, he's Capt. Hanks, of de ball team, an' dose fool women is a lot of little worshippers!"

## The Great Barr-Simons.

Just at this moment, the great Barr-Simons—the man who for a number of years had been combined had won the Vanderbilt Cup—was being congratulated by the French President, the visiting King, and Vanderhorst, the instigator of the race. He glanced away, to see Sheila and her companion hurrying to intercept me, and excusing himself, joined them. But already the Murrys were at my side. The beautiful girl, looking as pale and anxious as if she and my Master had been old friends, began to ask questions of the men who had dragged me to my imprisonment.

She spoke in pretty, schoolgirl French, studied from books, and needing practice to perfect pronunciation and accent, but if they had not been taken aback by so much beauty and youthful impetuosity, they might easily have been fooled. As it was, they merely looked stupid, and stared, looking still more stupid when Mr. Murray began doing his laborious best to help her out. Then Sheila, with the handsome woman, and Barr-Simons, came forward.

There were tears in Sheila's eyes, and the straining after self-control took something from the feminine softness of her young face, increasing the likeness to her brother. No wonder Lia saw it, remembering Hugh's description of his "little sister," that happy day of our run to Paris!

"If I Only Knew!"

"Oh, are you Miss Cameron?" she asked. "You're so like him—you must be the sister he told us of. I think, I hope your brother isn't badly hurt? My

"My daughter is quite right," Mr. Murray replied for the girl. "It would be a libel to say so and see Mr. Cameron with his sister."

"Certainly, we would," Sheila answered, "if you're sure you won't come with us?"

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father and I would be so glad of news of him."

"If I only knew!" exclaimed Sheila, no longer able to keep back the tears. "We've only just heard of the accident, and nobody seems to know what has happened to him."

"Where's his chauffeur? Why isn't he here with the car?" cried Lia, a bright color streaming over her face and her eyes flashing. "I know whatever happened was his fault. I warned Mr. Cameron to ruin him if he could. I—"

But Barr-Simons stopped forward, very polite and very grave, his motorist's cap in his hand. His black hair, now whitened with dust, and it made him appear older and less harsh than he would have looked without the powdering. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I think you are doing the poor chauffeur an injustice, for so far from having brought about the accident he did his very best to prevent it, and has been badly hurt. You are no doubt a friend of Mr. Cameron's. Well, I am his friend, too, I hope, and Miss Cameron is here with my wife and myself. I am sorry that his sister or any friend who care for him should have heard the news of the accident in such a sudden way. I hoped it might have been kept from Miss Cameron till I could have broken it to myself, and told her that there are the best hopes for her brother's recovery."

"You are sure?" implored Sheila, while Lia awaited the answer in silence.

"He Was Lying!"

"Sure. I couldn't get to you till now, you know, or you should have heard my version of the unlucky accident before any rumor of something dreadful and mysterious began going around, and it always does on occasions like this. I passed the car myself on the course, just after the steering-gear had gone wrong—must have been a little weakness, I everybody thinks—and it had smashed into a tree. But Hugh was sitting up, drinking out of a flask some one had offered him, and the poor chauffeur seemed the worse off of the two."

"Now, I knew he was lying, and my hopes, which had revived, died down again. The sounder was merely trying to make his impression on the two credulous girls, and the worst was that he was likely to succeed. Sheila's eyes brightened, and the cloud of suspicion began to clear away from Lia's charming face. I was sure she did not understand that this man was Barr-Simons, Hugh's enemy, and, seeing him with Sheila, hearing that Hugh's car was staying with his wife, must have convinced her of the man's sincerity.

"Surely you didn't pass without doing anything for Hugh?" exclaimed Sheila, knowing nothing of the cold selfishness which racing men must cultivate if they would be successful.

"Of course not," he had again. "I slowed down and gave directions that the car be taken to a hospital, which is, luckily, rather close. A friend of mine was close by—had been watching the race in his automobile from a cross-roads; he promised to take charge of everything, and let me have news for you, Miss Cameron, as soon as he could."

Sheila's Distress.

"Then I was obliged to go on to change the way for other reasons. It wouldn't do to leave the course, would it? As I was concerned, would gladly have sacrificed my own chances of winning to do anything for Hugh, who ought by rights, I feel, to have beaten me. He made a splendid fight, Miss Cameron, and you may well be proud of him, though by bad luck he failed. If you agree, I'll give orders that his car shall be taken to my garage, and kept there until he's well enough to claim it."

Sheila seemed distressed and slightly confused. "I wish I knew what my brother would wish," she murmured, remembering, no doubt, his hints, which had almost amounted to accusations, of Gilbert Barr-Simons as his enemy.

But who, seeing and listening to the man now, would not have trusted him, believing that he had been misjudged—who, not knowing the black truth of him, as I know it? He appeared sympathetic, generous, and even candid, and, though he had been guessing the cause of Sheila's hesitation, he showed no sign of offense.

"I think," he said, "that your brother would wish me to look after the welfare of his car, because, no doubt, he values it of all things; and if I don't take care of it, what is to become of it? He has no intimate friends here, I believe; at least"—and he glanced at Mr. Murray and Lia—"in the automobile world. Edit, try to persuade Miss Cameron that I am right."

"The Other Girl."

"I'm sure he is, dear!" urged the handsome wife kindly; and Sheila could not hold out longer.

"Very well, I suppose you know best," she faltered, with visible reluctance, yet fearing to be ungracious and unjust.

"Good!" said Barr-Simons cheerfully. "That's settled! Now come along, and I'll take you to see your brother."

Sheila moved forward eagerly; then paused, turning shyly to the Murrys. "Would you—you are dear friends of his, aren't you—would you wish to go with us?" she stammered.

Lia flushed so painfully that tears were forced to her eyes. "We're very much interested in him," she said, "but we've known him only a short time. We couldn't take the liberty of visiting with you at the hospital; but if we should go somewhere near there and wait, would you—let us know how he is?"

"Certainly, we would," Sheila answered, "if you're sure you won't come with us?"

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